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ROORBACH'S AMERICAN EDITION of ACTING PLAYS.

MISS MADCAP.

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No. 23.

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MISS MADCAP

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

Author of "BORDER LAND," "THE WOVEN WEB," "RIO GRANDE," "SUB ROSA," "EARLY VOWS," "ONLY A TRAMP," "DECEPTION," "ON GUARD," "WONDERFUL LETTER," ETC.

AUTHOR'S EDITION, WITH THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK
HAROLD ROORBACH
PUBLISHER

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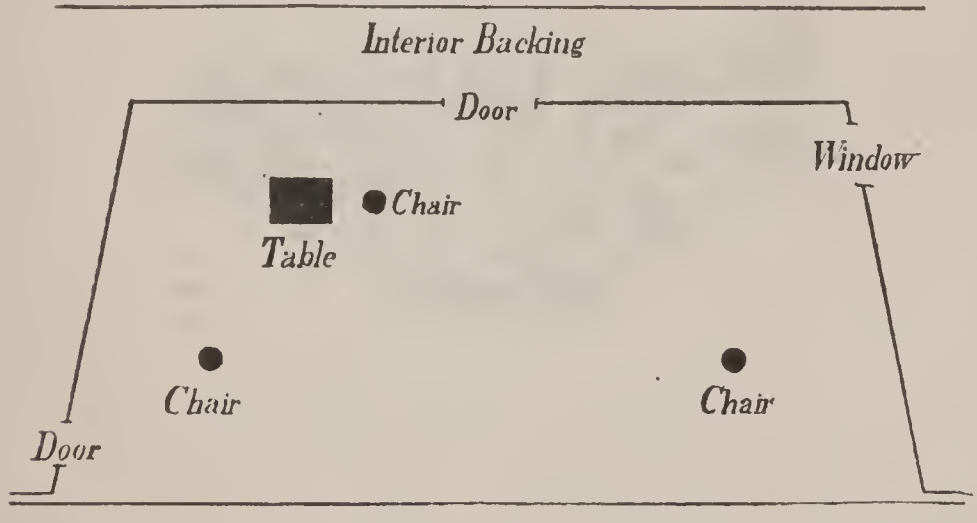
MISS MADCAP.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PHILIP CONWAY . . . . . *Juvenile lead.*
AUGUSTUS EVERSON. . . . . *Light comedy.*
CLARA VINCENT. . . . . *Juvenile light comedy.*

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—TWENTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.



SCENE.—Parlor in country house, in fourth grooves. Interior backing; doors C. in flat and R. 1 E. Closed in; sink, ceiling; carpet down; small table R., with pens, ink and paper; handsome chairs R. and L.; window L. U. E., with curtains; pictures on walls. Sunlight effect at window.

N. B. A set scene is not essential, and may be dispensed with if preferred.

COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

PHILIP.—Age, 21; dark suit; derby hat; character, good-natured and lively. When personating the "tough" wears hat pulled down over eyes, puffs big cigar, and swaggers about in "Bowery" style. Has flat bottle in pocket. Be careful to avoid overdoing the drunken scene.

Clara. It's awful, so it is! Mean! mean! (*stamps close to* PHIL) mean!

Phil. (*limping as if trodden on*) Jerusalem! Don't walk all over my feet like that! What *is* the matter, anyhow?

Clara. Aunt Charlotte is dead.

Phil. Peace to her—tongue.

Clara. And has left me her property.

Phil. Sensible woman.

Clara. On condition that I marry Augustus Everson.

Phil. Oh, the deuce!

Clara. Worse. He's a dude.

Phil. Who is he?

Clara. A sort of cousin. You know that my aunt always opposed our marriage.

Phil. Because, when I was a kid, I curried my dog with her false teeth.

Clara. So she hit upon this plan to separate us. If I refuse to marry Augustus he gets all the property.

Phil. And if *he* refuses?

Clara. I get it.

Phil. Good. Make him refuse.

Clara. (*clapping her hands*) Splendid!

Phil. I'll punch his head.

Clara. No, no. We must think of something else.

Phil. Then *you* punch his head!

Clara. No, no, *no!* (*pause*) Oh, I have it!

Phil. What—his head?

Clara. Stupid! no; an idea.

Phil. How does it feel?

Clara. You will find out—if you ever have one. Now listen. I will pretend to be a "tomboy" and scare the poor fellow into refusing me.

Phil. Stupendous! Can I help?

Clara. Certainly. You shall be a—a—a what is it?

Phil. Well I just won't!

Clara. Won't what?

Phil. Be a "what-is-it." I'm no freak!

Clara. Oh dear! I didn't mean that. I'll tell you what. Pretend to be a New York "tough"—a rowdy you know, and all that.

Phil. Immense! I'll rig up and paralyze him.

Clara. And so will I, if you will post me. Oh, won't it be fun!

Voice of Augustus. (*outside*, D. F.) All wight. I'll find her, don'tcher know!

Clara. Oh, Phil! There he is now!

Phil. Vanish! Disappear! Now mind your p's and q's.

Exit R.

Clara. All right. Oh, *won't* it be fun! Exit R.

Enter, AUGUSTUS, D. F.

Aug. Aw—weally—beg pawdon, don'tcher know. (*looks about*) Nobody heah? That's vewy odd, bah Jove. (*natural voice*) There. If that sort of talk and this sort of dress don't make me a "la la," nothing will. I suppose that my cousin is an awkward, gawky country girl, who will be disgusted at the sight of me. Then she will refuse to marry me, and, *ergo*, the property is mine. Ah, (*listens*) someone is coming. Now for the dude. (*assumed tone*) Ya—as, indeed, don'tcher know.

Enter, CLARA, R.

Clara. Hello! Look at that! Oh mamma! Buy me one! Johnnie get your gun, get your gun!

Aug. (L.) Aw—beg pawdon. Me name is *not* Johnnie, and I have no gun.

Clara. Poor fellow. Oh you dear, sweet birdie, what is your name?

Aug. Augustus Everson, bah Jove, and I wish to see Miss Vincent.

Clara. Really?

Aug. Ya—as. I thought she was heah. Pawhaps she has seen me, and is quite pawalyzed by me shape, don't cher know. Ya—as aw—powahful idea.

Clara. Well, sissy, I'm Miss Vincent.

Aug. Weally? (*aside, natural voice*) The devil you are!

Clara. Yes indeedy. I'm that sweet little rosebud. Tremendously awful glad to see you. Shake! (*grasps his hand and pulls him about*)

Aug. Oh my! Hold on! Let go! (*she releases him*) Bah Jove! You're quite awful, don'tcher know. You have weally a howable gwip.

Clara. Bet your sweet life. I'm a daisy from the hill top, I am. And so you've come down to marry me, eh?

Aug. And aw—aw you weally Miss Vincent?

Clara. I should twitter.

Aug. Good gracious sakes alive!

Clara. We'll have jolly times. Do you smoke?

Aug. Aw—ya—as: cigawettes.

Clara. Cigarettes! Stuff. Now *I* prefer cigars—and strong ones, too.

Aug. Good gwacious!

Clara. (*aside*) Dear me! Can he stand that?

Aug. Do you weally mean to say that you smoke?

Clara. Do I? Wait till you see me once.

Aug. Good gwacious! But aw—I hope you do not smoke a pipe—at least a clay pipe.

Clara. (*aside*) The idiot! He believes it all! (*aloud*) Only when I'm out with the boys. I have to keep up with the parade, you know.

Aug. Keep up with the pawade? What a howid idea!

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! I say, birdie, we've lots of horses. Do you like riding?

Aug. Aw—weally, I cawn't say.

Clara. Let's have a gallop. You shall ride Old Nick—that's Phil's horse. He can kick the roof off a meeting house; but he gets there just the same.

Aug. I'm getting faint. Allow me to sit down, Miss Vincent. (*sits*) I feel quite weak, don'tcher know.

Clara. Poor sissy!

Aug. Ya—as. Me valet got dwunk last night, so I had to dwess meself this mawning, and also tie me own necktie.

Clara. How awfully awful!

Aug. Ya—as. It was dweadful, quite dweadful you know. It quite used me up. And to cap the climax I had to pawfume me own handkerchief; and by some hawable mistake I selected "attah of woses" when I meant to use "new mown hay."

Clara. Shocking!

Aug. Ya—as indeed. The shock was vewy gwate.

Clara. Let me get you a bracer.

Aug. What's a bwacer?

Clara. Rum, gin, whiskey. Anything to knock out the razzle dazzle.

Aug. Thanks awfully. But I cawn't dwink such stuff, don't cher know.

Clara. What do you drink?

Aug. Usually a small glauss of lemonade, pawfumed with a few dwops of vanilla aw bugamont.

Clara. You must have some dreadful sprees.

Aug. Aw—ya—as. I'm one of the boys. Why, you may not believe it, but I sometimes actually smoke as many as thwee or fouah cigawettes in a single day.

Clara. (*aside, wearily*) Oh dear! What *shall* I do with him?

Aug. Ya—as. And I play pokah too, I do. I lost *fifteen* cents one night.

Clara. (*slapping his back*) You're the stuff! We'll make Rome howl. I'll have a gang of the boys up here every night, and we'll play poker till daylight. Some of them may get fighting drunk, but never you mind that. I'm handy with my fins. (*aside*) I think that is what Phil calls them.

Aug. Why, what *do* you mean?

Clara. (*aside*) Now for it. (*grabs* AUGUSTUS *by the collar*) Stand up. I'll show you. (*squares off*) Now put up your flippers.

Aug. Good gwacious!

Clara. Mind your eye! (*he retreats; she follows, striking at him*)

Aug. Stop! Murdah! Police!

Enter, PHIL, *smoking*, D. F.

Phil. (*grabbing* AUGUSTUS, *and running him* L., *front*) So, dat's yer game is it, cully?

Aug. Go 'way from me—go 'way! You wude, wough man!

Phil. (*releasing him*) Well, snipey, wot's yer fightin' der lady fer?

Aug. The lady was fighting *me*.

Phil. Look yere cully, dat's too thin. Don't give us none er yer guff—oi whatter yer say?

Aug. Bah Jove, she was, and she mussed me all up, too.

Phil. Soy, ole gal, is dat so?

Clara. Yes. (PHIL *goes to her*) I was teaching him to use his, (*aside*) What do you call 'em?

Phil. (*aside*) Mawleys—fins—flippers—dukes.

Aug. Ya—as. And she stwuck me in the nose too, so she did.

Clara. (*aside*) How am I doing?

Phil. (*aside*) Splendidly. (*aloud*) So, yer wus givin' his jags over dere a lesson in de manly art, eh? I soy, nibsy, (*to* AUGUSTUS) ain't she a plum, eh? I learned her how ter use her dukes. Bet yer a dollar she kin smash yer in der mug every time. See? (*converses with* CLARA)

Aug. But you mustn't let hah do it, don't you know. (*aside*) Whew! This making a fool of myself is hard work.

Clara. (*aside to* PHIL) I guess he's about ready to give up.

Phil. (*to* CLARA) Shouldn't wonder. (*aloud*) I soy, girly, you're too sweet ter live. Give us er kiss. (*kisses* CLARA)

Aug. Aw—I say now—I cawn't allow that, don'tcher know.

Phil. Soy, whatter yer givin' us? Want me ter smash yer? I kin do it wid me one hand. See?

Clara. Oh Phil, don't hurt him! He's to be my husband.

Phil. What! Dat thing? Oh come off der roof!

Clara. It's so.

Aug. Ya—as. But I won't have that fellow around. He's a wude, wough man. He must go away.

Clara. No he won't. I couldn't live without Phil.

Aug. But don'tcher know——

Phil. Ah there! Muzzle yer mug. I'm a fixture here. See?

Aug. (*resignedly*) All wight.

Clara. (*to* PHIL) He agrees to everything. I'm getting desperate.

Phil. I'll tell you what; let's pretend to get tight; I've a bottle here.

Clara. What is in it?

Phil. Cold tea.

Clara. I can't do that.

Phil. Then I will. (*to* AUGUSTUS) Soy, spider legs—have a drink?

Aug. Aw—what is it?

Phil. Torchlight whiskey; a reg'lar ole rough on rats.

Aug. Excuse me. I'm afwaid it would affect me bwain.

Phil. Yer wot?

Aug. Me bwain.

Phil. Soy, cull, yer can't snap dat racket on us. Not muchly. Brains don't wear dem sorter clothes. Hev a swig, girly?

Clara. (*aside*) What shall I say?

Phil. (*aside*) I should gently murmur.

Clara. I should gently murmur. (*drinks*)

Aug. Goodness gwacious!

Phil. Here's luckin' at ye. (*drinks*) Hooray! Dat's der stuff! Have another, ole man. Don't care if I do. (*drinks*) Dat's de pizen! (*drinks*)

Aug. He'll be dwunk if you don't look out.

Phil. Who's drunk—soy? Don't you insult me, nibsy. (*drinks*)

Clara. (*to* AUGUSTUS) Never mind him. He loads up every day.

Aug. Aw—aw there any moah like him around heah?

Clara. Lots. This is a temperance town. (PHIL *drinks*)

Phil. (*tipsy*) Yesser—whoop! Mister Chairman—Misser—ic—Misser Chairman an' ladies an' gen'lemen of der jury. I'm er bad man from der cross roads, an' me name is Mud. I eat fire, an' I swaller brimstone! 'Rah! Who wants ter fight! (*sings*)

> We're goin' ter git married, ha, ha, mamma!
> We're goin' ter git married—

oi whatter yer say!

Aug. (*aside, natural voice*) I'm getting disgusted.

Phil. Let's have er dance. Choose yer partners!

Clara. (*to* AUGUSTUS) Don't provoke him. He's dangerous when he's drunk.

Aug. Aw—but I guess I'll go home, don'tcher know.

Clara. And leave me?

Aug. Ya—as.

Clara. (*sobbing*) Oh you cru—cru—cruel man.

Phil. No—ic—no yer don't, cully. You's gotter marry dat gal. See?

Aug. But I cawn't do it, you know. (*aside, natural voice*) Hang the fortune! My little game won't work.

Phil. Soy, maybe you hes er notion dere's flies on me.

Aug. Ya—as.

Phil. Whatter yer soy?

Aug. (*assumed fright*) Oh no, no. Of cawse not.

Clara. Then you refuse to marry me?

Aug. Ya—as—if you will pawmit.

Clara. (*sobbing*) It's too boo—hoo—bad, so now!

Phil. You's er nice duck, breakin' der leddy's heart dis way.

Aug. Sawy, don'tcher know, but it cawn't be helped.

Clara. Then sit down and write as I bid you.

Aug. Aw—eh?

Clara. Sit down!

Phil. Squat!

Aug. Ye—ya—as.

Clara. Write: "I, Augustus Everson, of my own free will, refuse to marry Miss Clara Vincent (AUGUSTUS *writes*) Sign your name. Now, Phil, sign with me as witness.

Phil. (*speaks naturally*) Certainly. (*signs*) I rather thought you would do this.

Aug. (*natural voice, indignantly*) What's this? Have you been trying to make a fool of me?

Phil. Exactly.

Clara. Exactly. But, my dear cousin, we are willing to treat you fairly. Aren't we, Phil?

Phil. Indeed we are.

Clara. So I will make you an offer. If you will agree to drop your baby talk, speak good English, dress like a rational human being——

Phil. In short, if you will sink the dude——

Clara. I will divide my aunt's fortune equally with you. Won't we Phil?

Phil. Certainly. Do you agree?

Aug. With all my heart.

Phil. You may find it difficult——

Aug. Not at all; for I, too, was acting a part.

Clara. (*astonished*) What!

Aug. Fact, I assure you. I'm no dude, thank heaven. The truth is that I am already engaged to be married. I had never seen you and I naturally imagined that you were an unsophisticated country girl, who would thoroughly despise a dude. Therefore I adopted this outlandish rig, hoping you would refuse me. I never imagined that you, too, could act a part, which, by the way, you have done to perfection.

Phil. (R.) So it appears that we were all in a fog.

Aug. Yes—it was diamond cut diamond ; but I had my revenge, for remember, (*laughing*) it was *I* who refused *you*.

Clara. Oh, horrors! But don't you tell anybody.

Aug. (L.) Not a syllable.

Clara. (C.) And don't you, either. (*shaking finger at audience*) I don't mind having you see me *play* the tomboy, but, if everybody knew it, people might think that my name should really be——

All. Miss Clara Vincent—Madcap!

CLARA.

PHIL. AUG.

CURTAIN.

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ACT II.—St. Clare's elegant home.—The fretful wife.—The arrival.—Little Eva.—Aunt Ophelia and Topsy.—"O, Golly! I'se so wicked!"—St. Clare's opinion.—"Benighted innocence."—The stolen gloves.—Topsy in her glory.

ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—"For thou art gone forever."

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness."—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.— Death of St. Clare.—"Eva—Eva—I am coming"

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—"My soul ain't yours, Mas'r."—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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ACT II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—"Saved, at the loss of my own honor!"

ACT III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—"Apply to Judy!"—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Leamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—"Do you know him?"—Denounced.—"Your life shall be the penalty!"—Startling tableau.

ACT IV.—At Uncle Toby's.—A wonderful climate.—An impudent rascal.— A bit of history.—Woman's wit.—Toby Indignant.—A quarrel.—Uncle Toby's evidence.—Leamington's last trump.—Good news.—Checkmated.—The telegram.—Breaking the web.—Sunshine at last.

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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—"'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

ACT III. TWO DAYS LATER.—Plot and counterplot.—Gentleman and convict.—The price of her life.—Some new documents.—The divided banknotes.—Sunshine through the clouds.—Prepared for a watery grave.—Deadly peril.—Father and daughter.—The rising tide.—A life for a signature.—True unto death.—Saved.—The mystery solved.—Dénouement.—TABLEAU.

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ACT III. BEFORE RICHMOND.—The home of Mrs. De Mori.—The two documents.—A little misunderstanding.—A deserted wife.—The truth revealed.—Brought to light.—Mother and child.—Rowena's sacrifice.—The American Eagle spreads his wings.—The spider's web.—True to himself.—The reconciliation.—A long divided home reunited.—The close of the war.—TABLEAU.

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